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we may think of its actual value. If you sat for some time, as I did, in silent and solitary meditation among the tombs and old church ruins there, you could better enter into the feelings of the people, and not condemn as superstition that spirituality of vision that sees beyond the grave, and carries the contest between evil and good into the world of spirits. There the gloomy hawthorn bush conveyed well the idea of its being the lurking place of some fallen spirit, seeking occasion against the souls of the departed; and here the tree and silent well of St. Mulloo pointed out the station of the vigilant sentinel, on guard to protect the poor refugee spirit from the malice of the evil one, rendered able to coerce him successfully by his influence with heaven. I could think I even saw and heard this invisible supernatural contest, and could have addressed myself to the victorious saint. Oh, sir, there is something delightful and full of edification in these contemplations that connect the other world and their departed friends with those still on earth, founded, as they are, on the great revelations of Christianity. And is "your philosophy" so perfect as to be able by cold syllogisms to dispel these fond customs and exercises to which the simple people have been ever hitherto so attached.

Yours, respectfully,

M. S.

We own that when we read this letter we had considerable doubts whether it could possibly be meant seriously. If it is a joke, however, it is a very solemn one, and we must deal with it as what it professes to be—namely, a defence by an educated man of one of the expiring superstitions of the more ignorant of the peasantry.

We observe that the writer does not profess *himself* to believe that the evil spirit kept watch in the Phooka Bush to catch the souls of those whose bodies were being carried to the grave, nor that it required St. Mulloo's exertions to drive him away. But it would appear that our correspondent considers these notions as, though not true, very beautiful: as a belief that it would be beneath his own dignity to hold, but very picturesque when entertained by his inferiors, eliciting in their simple hearts a variety of emotions very delightful for a cultivated mind to contemplate. Now, we are on principle opposed to this way of judging of doctrines by their beauty, instead of by their truth, and to the plan of having two different systems of doctrine—one for the educated, and another for the ignorant classes. We know of only one question worth considering—namely, ARE THESE THINGS TRUE? If it be true that the evil spirit haunts the Phooka Bush, and that St. Mulloo has the power of banishing him, then let simple and learned join in imploring St. Mulloo's protection. But when we know, and our correspondent knows too, that the Phooka Bush is no more dangerous than any other thorn bush, we can only feel indignation at the idea that any one should desire the people to continue in this childish superstition, because he considers that their fears, thus worked on, produce in them a certain religious awe which he finds it edifying to contemplate.

There is scarcely a false belief in the world which, when received by good-hearted people, does not give rise to some pleasing emotions and amiable conduct. No doubt, the poor savage who, when his friend dies, kills for him his dog and his horse, in order that the deceased may have the services of these useful animals in the other world; no doubt this poor savage is actuated by very amiable feelings. Our correspondent, if he lived in a part of the world, where such notions were entertained, would probably think it a pity to interfere with the belief of those simple people, developing itself as it does in beautiful and self-denying practice. And what honours that we pay our departed friends can be compared with the self-sacrificing spirit of those Indian widows who have burned themselves to death on the funeral piles of their husbands. These instances show that people, actuated by a false belief, may, in consequence of that belief, be led to exhibit very amiable emotions and very noble self-sacrificing conduct. And they show what a very deceitful way it would be to judge of religious doctrines by the emotions they excite, instead of by the simple question, are they true or are they false.

We have entered on this discussion because we believe that this kind of sentimental religion is very common among Roman Catholics. Their religious books encourage them to yield a ready belief to all kinds of stories of miracles and marvels done in their Church, merely because such a belief is supposed to indicate a Catholic state of mind, and because, to ask curiously for evidence in such cases would be considered to show that the questioner possessed only that niggard measure of faith which believed only what it could not help believing. And, on the other hand, there are many educated Roman Catholics who themselves do not believe half what their priests tell them, who will laugh like any Protestant at winking Madonnas, miraculous oil, or apparitions at Laus or La Salette, but who think it very pretty that their wives and daughters should believe what they themselves know to be false. They admire the solicitude with which their simple-minded relatives endeavour to relieve the sufferings of some dear departed friend in purgatory, and they think it a folly to disturb their beautiful and innocent superstition.

Again and again we repeat it, the sole question worth considering is, *what is true?* what is there good evidence for? We hope that our labours have already done much

to enable our readers to form an opinion of their own upon religious subjects, and to bring a correct belief within the reach of all classes, instead of leaving it a mere luxury for educated and cultivated minds.

The principles which our correspondent maintains would have made the first propagation of Christianity impossible. No doubt, if we were not to consider the question of the *truth* of the opinions, there were many beautiful things among the superstitions of the heathen against which the first preachers of Christianity were obliged to contend. In particular, this veneration of holy wells and trust in saints' protection, which our correspondent thinks so beautiful, were part of the old Druid superstition which St. Patrick found in this country. For instance, we read as follows:—"St. Patrick came to a well, in a place called Fírn Neagh, which the credulous vulgar called the King of Waters, and in the Irish language 'Slán,' that is, 'healing,' giving it a name from the virtue which they believed to reside in it; for the ignorant vulgar thought there was a divinity in the well, or rather that the well itself was a divinity, and hence they called it the King of Waters, and worshipped it as a god. The well was square and carefully made, and a large stone of corresponding square shape covered the opening. It seems to have afforded an encouragement, if it was not the very cause of the superstition of the people, that a certain Magus [or Druid], who served water as a propitious deity, and accounted fire hostile to him, when dying ordered his bones to be buried under the rock (Colgan's *Trias Thaumaturga*, ch. lxx., p. 138.)"

The name of this Druid does not seem to be recorded, but it may have been Mulloo, for all we know to the contrary; and we heartily present to our correspondent this proof of the venerable antiquity of the worship which he admires so much.

MR. FABER ON THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR,—For a few months past I have been favoured with copies of the CATHOLIC LAYMAN, and have received much pleasure and instruction from a perusal of the articles therein contained; there is one, however, which has attracted my attention in a very forcible manner, and although some time has elapsed since its appearance, I cannot, if I would, resist the temptation to express a feeling upon it. I refer to the review of Mr. Faber's work on the Blessed Sacrament; and the point which has particularly arrested my attention is placed under the head of the "Sixth Miracle which is effected," connected with the consecration of the sacred elements. In it, I quote from memory, Mr. Faber writes thus:—"Where by any external agent, or by the internal conflict of qualities, the species so far suffer change as that the substance of bread, *if it were there*, would naturally be corrupted, in the *very moment* in which the substance of bread would suffer alteration, *the body of Christ withdraws!*"

Sir, I beg to say, I was born a Roman Catholic; I received instruction in that faith during a period of seven years of my youth within the walls of a Roman Catholic monastery. Yes, and I have since then been a propagandist in an humble way, and would have converted all mankind to my opinion; and I here candidly assert, that had not God in his mercy already opened the eyes of my mind to the errors of that form of faith, Mr. Faber's so called sixth miracle must have infallibly done so.

Mr. Faber's doctrine of "Real Presence" is a strange thing; he, being a priest "according to the order of Melchizedek," pronounces "FIVE LITTLE WORDS—*hoc est enim corpus meum*," and "it is done"! What is done? Mr. Faber says, bread is made flesh, even the perfect body of Christ. Now, every Roman Catholic believes this, and when he communicates he receives the bread in a carnal sense; and Mr. Faber, when he administers the communion reminds the recipient that Christ's body is present. He says, when passing the bread—"May the body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve your soul to life everlasting." So far Mr. Faber speaks the language of his adopted Church; but probably being zealous to defend a doctrine unsupported by Scripture, or perhaps with intent to make a compromise between faith and philosophy, he attempts to explain away the nature of the transmutation from bread to flesh; and oh! miracle of miracles, the re-transmutation of flesh into bread again!

When Mr. Faber says—"This is my body," he believes the bread *becomes* flesh; and when "The species so far suffer change as that the substance of bread, if it were there, would naturally be corrupted, in the very moment in which the substance of bread would suffer alteration," he says, "the body of Christ withdraws." Now mark, he does not say that the body of Christ *enters* into the bread, but that the bread is changed into the body; therefore how can he say that the body of Christ withdraws from the bread, when he asserts that the bread itself *is* the body? I could understand Mr. Faber if he had said that the body of Christ enters into the bread, when he pronounces his "five little mystical words," and that the body remains in it until the species become changed in their

^b We borrow this quotation from a work, which we are glad to have an opportunity of recommending. The Confession of St. Patrick, translated from the original Latin by the Rev. Thomas Olden. The purchasers of this book will have the best means of becoming acquainted with the pure faith and fervent piety of St. Patrick, through a faithful translation of the most genuine remains of that saint. Mr. Olden gives in an Introduction a sketch of St. Patrick's life and labours.

structure; in such case, I could imagine the body to be for a time stationary, or *in transitu*; but while it is asserted that the element of bread becomes flesh, I cannot conceive how God can destroy his own body in the sense in which Mr. Faber would have me to believe. He says:—"When by any external agent, or by the internal conflict of qualities, the species so far suffer change as that the substance of bread, *if it were there*, would naturally be corrupted," then, "IN THE VERY MOMENT the body of Christ withdraws." Mr. Faber speaks of the substance of bread "if it were there" after consecration. Does Mr. Faber doubt its presence? Certainly! He sees bread which he says is no bread, and he sees with the eye of faith (?) a body which is liable to "change" and "corruption." Consecrated and unconsecrated wafers are both liable to change, alteration, corruption, and decomposition. Mr. Faber knows this—and he also knows that Christ's body is glorified and incorruptible in Heaven; and it is because he knows this latter fact that he is obliged to manufacture an absurd, if not a profane, idea, that he may escape from the consequences of a belief in Transubstantiation. But admit for a moment that Mr. Faber's premises are correct, and that the body of Christ does withdraw from the consecrated host; how does he know the "VERY MOMENT" when the species of bread suffers change or alteration, or becomes liable to corruption? Can he say when the bread, that is (*horrible thought!*) the body of Christ, enters into a state of decomposition? Can he produce any revelation of inspired writing to guide him in this nice point? Will the spirit of *Paschasius Radbertus* whisper in his ear a common-place saying of this nether world: "Save me from my friends?" or will Mr. Faber invoke the aid of science and let modern chemistry unfold the mystery by which the body of Christ is supposed to be destroyed, and the sacrament of the Eucharist rendered a dead letter to millions of human souls, whose immortal interests are thus trifled with? I will put a case or two for Mr. Faber's consideration. Bread, in any shape, is a perishable article; it is particularly liable to injury from "external agency." An "external agent," in the shape of a mouse or a worm, may entirely consume it. In the stomachs of those animals it would undergo chemical changes; it would become a part of each individual system, and in due time be voided and cast upon the earth to resume its primitive gaseous or other forms, or to enter into other combinations, such as an all-wise Providence should determine. Again, the component parts of bread—flour and water—contain agents within themselves liable to change and decomposition whenever they may come into contact with exciting causes: these causes may be present in one or other, or both of the substances, before or after their manufacture into a wafer, or before or after the act of consecration, and the "internal conflict of qualities" may have vitiated the bread long before the evidence of the senses of sight, smell, or touch shall be able to discover the slightest trace of any destructive "external agent." Mr. Faber says—"In the very moment in which the substance of bread, *if it were there*, would suffer, the body of Christ withdraws!" Ah! too sagacious man, in trying to avoid *Scylla* he jumps into *Charybdis*, and his doctrine of transmutations is whirled away before the breath of the living Word of God. All power is the Lord's; and thus, when He chooses to put forth his hand in testimony of his omnipotence, He confounds the mighty ones of the earth by the simplest of means. The insignificant mite puts forth its feeble mandible and touches the bread—the puny mouse pierces it with its sharp teeth—the breath of the consecrating priest, loaded with some deleterious gas, falls upon it, moistens it, and impregnates it, or the insensible fluid perspiring through his fingers as he handles it is absorbed into it—the saliva upon the lips of a communicant touches it—and the tongue of the dying sinner, when it is stretched forth to receive the "*Viaticum*," are "external agents," and from their mere contact accurately mark the "*moment*" when, according to Mr. Faber, "the body of Christ withdraws from the bread; or, in other words, when re-transubstantiation takes place. All the above circumstances are exciting causes, and lead to "change, alteration, corruption," and decomposition. Think, then, of "five little words" pronounced over bread which may be already "changed by external agents, or the internal conflict of qualities!" Will such bread, according to Mr. Faber, be transformed into the body of Christ? Certainly not; and yet, a priest being ignorant of this important fact, gives it to a communicant as the veritable flesh of Christ. Or, think again of the "internal conflict of qualities" so altering the element, and a communicant receiving corrupted bread instead of the flesh of the Redeemer, which he religiously believes to be essential to his salvation; or, think of the apparent want of knowledge on the part of Mr. Faber concerning the nature of chemical agents, their affinities and solvent powers, &c.; it is certainly strange; but so it is; and so surely as he has no Scripture to support his doctrine, or reason to recommend it, the bare element of chemical science alone indisputably proves, beyond the power of contradiction, that were the consecrated "host" (according to his view) to be really the body of Christ, it would instantly lose its divine attribute the moment it entered into contact with any of the before-mentioned "external agents," irrespective of any pre-existing "internal conflict of qualities!" This, then, is the solution of Mr. Faber's sixth miracle, and it is a fair sample of the miracles of his adopted Church. She

is always mystical—always wonderful—for ever drawing a screen before the eyes of the world to obscure the rays of the sun, and holding up a crazy lantern to exhibit some new scene in the everlasting phantasmagoria which for ages has tickled the fancy and deceived the mind, and, I might add, fearful though the fact is, consigned millions of human souls to endless perdition! Let us thank God for the mercies he has vouchsafed to us, and pray that He will enlighten the minds of all men, particularly those of my Irish Roman Catholic countrymen, and guide them into the way of truth.

Yours, &c.,

AN EX-MEMBER OF THE
CATHOLIC INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[We readily publish the above letter, which contains some acute strictures on Mr. Faber's views regarding the Eucharist. We think it right that our readers should have an opportunity of seeing how unsatisfactory Mr. Faber's explanations, or attempts at explanation, of the doctrine of transubstantiation are considered, even when looked at from a Roman Catholic point of view. For ourselves, we must confess that we have no taste for metaphysical distinctions of the kind referred to, and feel no wish to enter into the discussion of them, and we, therefore, are the more obliged to our able correspondent for his interesting letter, although we do not consider ourselves bound to subscribe to all the statements it contains].

PRIEST, BISHOP, AND CARDINAL AFRAID OF DISCUSSION.

MR. EDITOR.—We all went down to the Reader's house to see the CATHOLIC LAYMAN and hear what Dr. Cullen had to say; but you never seen boys so disappointed as they were when they found that there wasn't a word from him. "Why, then," says Mick, "what does he mean by giving the Protestants the crow over us this way?" "Twould have been better if he hadn't come forward at all than to back out of it, when every one was expecting an answer. Troth," says he, "I'm fairly ashamed of him." "But," says Andy, "how can you expect a man to be answering everybody that speaks about him?" "We don't expect any such thing," says the Reader. "But suppose that a man stood up in the market, and said publicly that you were a rogue and a liar, wouldn't you have a right to ask him to prove his words?" "Of course I would," says Andy. "And suppose," says the Reader, "that, instead of answering you, he sneaked off without saying a word, what would you think of him?" "I'd think very mean of him," says Andy; "for 'twould show that he knew he couldn't prove his words." "Well," says the Reader, "that's the very way with Dr. Cullen. He attacked the CATHOLIC LAYMAN, and abused it right and left; but when he was asked to prove what he had said there wasn't a word in him." "Well," says Jerry, "it's wonderful how cowardly our priests have grown of late. The Protestants may challenge them, and crow over them, and print them in papers; but there's not a kick in them no more than in a dead horse. God be with the old times when we had Father Tom Maguire, and the likes of him, to stand up for our religion; but now it's a clear case that we haven't a priest that's able to speak for his Church." "I don't think you're quite right there," says the Reader. "Some of the priests are as clever men as any in the country." "Why don't they come forward, then?" says Jerry. "Well," says the Reader, "I won't give you any reason of my own; but I'll give you the words of the great Cardinal Wiseman himself. You must know that in May, 1851, some of the Protestant ministers asked Father Ignatius (that you've all heard tell of) why the Cardinal was against discussion; and he, being a soft easy kind of a man, let the cat out of the bag, and says he, 'HIS EMINENCE DOES NOT THINK THAT THESE DISCUSSIONS DO ANY GOOD TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH.' He found," says the Reader, "that his religion wouldn't bear discussion or close examination, and that's the true reason why the priests are so much afraid of it." "Troth, then," says Jerry, "that explanation of yours only makes the matter worse; for as long as I thought that 'twas owing to the ignorance of the priests, and that 'twas their fault, I didn't mind it so much, but if it's the fault of the religion itself we're ruined entirely, for it must be a very bad religion that won't stand examination." "That's the truth, then," says the Reader. "Tisn't that the priests aren't as clever as the Protestant ministers; but they've found from experience that every sort of discussion tells against them." "Anyhow," says Jerry, "it's shaking the people greatly, and I wouldn't wonder if they began to quit a religion that can't bear examination." "True for you," says the Reader; "and signs on, the people are leaving it in other parts of the country, where their eyes are opened. Look at Connaught, where the Protestant Bishop of Tuam confirmed 3,015 converts from the Church of Rome within the last five years, not to mention other places where the same work is going on." "I'm not surprised at it," says Jerry, "and I don't wonder at their being ashamed to belong to a Church that can't say a word for its religion; for, to tell you the truth, I'm almost ashamed of it myself. And I can't help thinking of what St. John says: 'Every one that doeth evil hateth

the light, and cometh not to the light, that his works may not be reproved; but he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his works may be made manifest, because they are done in God.' Isn't it plain," says he, "that the Protestants aren't afraid of the light; for they're always ready to come to the light, and prove their religion out of the word of God; but our priests are always running away from the light, and afraid of the Bible. You may speak to them about the weather, or the crops, or any kind of diversion, and they'll answer you civil; but so sure as you ask a question about religion they're ready to knock you down." "Well," says Andy, "it's the case with some of them, I allow; but there's others of them have more spunk. Here's a paper with a letter from the great Dr. Cahill, and it must be a great letter entirely, for it's written to the Lord Lieutenant himself." "Tell me," says the Reader, "would the paper put in a Protestant answer?" "I'm thinking it wouldn't," says Andy. "Then," says the Reader, "it's not fair play; for Dr. Cahill may say what he likes, and no one can contradict him." "True for you," says Jerry; "and it frets me more than all the rest to see that our clergy are ready enough to write letters and preach controversy when there's no one to oppose them, but they won't meet a Protestant face to face." "Let us hear about the letter, at all events," says the Reader. "Is it a clever one?" "It's it that is," says Andy. "And, by my word, the editor of the paper butters Dr. Cahill handsomely. Troth he lays it on thick. He says that the letter is 'from the pen of one of the most justly celebrated of living Irishmen,' and that 'his fame is European,' and that his letters 'will be read in every language in Europe.' 'Faix, that's coming it strong," says Jerry. "But what does he mean by saying that his fame is European?" "Well," says Andy, "that's what we call one of the flowers of oratory, and it isn't to be expected that the likes of you would understand it; but it means that Dr. Cahill is talked of all over Europe." "May I never sin," says Mick, "but that's the doing of them heretic ministers at Sligo. They challenged him to discussion, and when he wouldn't come forward they printed it in a paper and sent it all through the country." "Well," says Jerry, "I wonder he isn't ashamed to show his nose in a paper after that; but there's some people haven't got no sort of shame at all." Well, sir, Andy finished the letter at last, and we had great discussion on the head of it. Some of the old people praised it very much, for it had plenty of abuse against the Protestants; but the boys that had some education, and that knew the difference between talk and argument, weren't half pleased with it. So, after a while, Jerry gets up, and says he, "To tell you the honest truth, I'm disappointed with that letter; for it's just like shearing a pig—great cry and little wool. I expected fine arguments, but there's not an argument from beginning to end; and I expected plenty of texts, but instead of that there's not a word of Scripture in it." "But," says Andy, "you're not to blame him for that; for he tells you that 'it is not his intention to discuss the doctrines of Protestantism,' and the editor says that Dr. Cahill 'eschews all religious controversy.'" "Troth, then," says Jerry, "he shows his sense in that same, for if once he began religious controversy he should take to the Bible; and I'm thinking he wouldn't like that much. Sure, 'twas fear of the Bible that hindered him from meeting the ministers in Sligo; for if he entered into controversy with them he'd have the Bible down on him at once." "But," says the Reader, "if he doesn't touch on religious controversy, what sort of arguments does he bring against us?" "Well," says Andy, "he says in the end of his second letter that he isn't 'arguing doctrines' at all, but 'merely stating facts.'" "Well," says the Reader, "I confess that I'd rather he had given us something out of the Bible; but as he won't have anything to say to that book, why we must only make the best of his facts, if so be that they are facts; so let us have some of them." "Well," says Andy, "he makes a great fact out of Henry VIII., and proves clearly that he was a great villain, and that the Protestant religion must be wrong; for he was the founder of it." "Well," says the Reader, "there's no mistake about his being a villain. The only mistake is, that you think him a Protestant villain, when he was in reality a Roman Catholic villain." "Arra, hold your tongue," says Andy. "Do you think we're fools entirely to believe that story?" "Just listen to me," says the Reader, "and I'll prove to you that, although he threw off the Pope's supremacy because he wouldn't allow him to put away his wife, still he was in religion a Romanist, and lived and died a Roman Catholic." "Prove that," says Andy, "and I'll give it up to you entirely." "Well," says the Reader, "what would you call a man that believed in transubstantiation, and the mass, and confession to the priest, and images, and holy water?" "I'd call him a Catholic, of course," says Andy. "And if he was to burn people for denying these doctrines what would you say?" "Why," says Andy, "I'd say that he was a rare bitter Catholic." "Well," says the Reader, "Henry VIII. not only believed these doctrines himself, but he made a law that every one in his kingdom should believe them too, and he burned per-

sons for denying them." "Well," says Andy, "if that's true, it beats all that ever I heard; but I'm thinking it's some Protestant book that says so." "No," says the Reader, "it's a Roman Catholic history;" and with that he took down a big book, and Andy read these words in it—"To show that he (Henry VIII.) intended not to depart from the faith of the Roman Church, he showed more zeal than ever against the Lutherans and Sacramentarians," and then Andy read how he persecuted the Protestants, and how he believed the same doctrines that we believe. "Well, boys," says the Reader, "I hope you believe me now. And," says he, "your clergy must be badly off for arguments in support of their religion when that's the way they defend it." "And moreover," says Jerry, "even if Henry VIII. was a Protestant, that wouldn't prove our religion to be right, if it's against the word of God. And," says he, "I'd rather Dr. Cahill took the Douay Bible and proved out of it that the holy Apostles believed in the immaculate conception, or that St. Peter offered the sacrifice of the mass, or that St. Paul prayed to the Blessed Virgin. That's what would do us some good, and then we needn't be running away from the Protestants when they ask us to prove our religion out of our own Bible; but when we see our priests in dread of the Bible, and going to Henry VIII. and to Luther, and to everything but the word of God, sure we can't help thinking that the Bible is against them." "But tell me," says the Reader, "does Dr. Cahill give you any proof of his facts besides his bare word?" "I don't think he does," says Andy. "Does he give the name and page of the history out of which he takes his facts?" says the Reader. "No," says Andy. "Does he give any reference at all for his facts?" says the Reader. "Not as I see," says Andy. "Tisn't worth our while, then," said the Reader, "to examine any more of them, and Dr. Cahill must think you all great fools to believe whatever he is pleased to tell you, without giving a single proof from beginning to end. But," says he, "I'll give you a few facts out of the Douay Bible that are worth more than all Dr. Cahill's facts put together. St. Paul says, 'A faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners.' There's a fact that's worth all the gold in California. And our Lord Jesus Christ himself says, 'Come to me all you that labour and are burdened and I will refresh you.' And He says again, 'Him that cometh to me I will not cast out.' There's a blessed fact for the poor sinner. Isn't that worth more than Henry VIII. and Luther and Dr. Cahill put together. Boys," says he, "how can you find it in your hearts to reject the word of God, that tells you such blessed facts as these? Sure it's not our own words that we offer you, but the words of Christ and of the holy Apostles, and could any man's words be equal to their words? We don't ask you to believe us, but we ask you to believe Christ himself. We only want you to read your own Bible, that tells you how Christ died for sinners, and how your souls may be saved through his precious blood;" and with that he bid us good night. But it's often I think that 'twould be a fine thing if our priests told us about Christ Jesus, instead of about Henry VIII. And surely it's a hard case that it's only from heretics and jumpers we can hear about the Saviour, for it's little our own clergy tell us about him; and it's in bed at night I do be thinking of his blessed words to poor sinners, telling them to come to him, and promising never to send them away, and then I do be thinking what a fine thing 'twould be if we had the Bible to tell us all about him, and I do be wondering will the time ever come when old Ireland will have the word of God, to tell about Christ the Saviour of sinners.

Your humble servant to command,

DAN CATHY.

FARMING OPERATIONS.

Mangel Wurzel and Swede Turnips.—Having given the necessary directions for the cultivation of these crops, it is only necessary to say that the sooner they are got in the better.

Dale's Hybrid and Aberdeen Turnips may be sown from the middle of this month to the middle of June; the most approved distances apart in the rows, deduced from practical experience, are, for Dale's hybrid, 12 to 14 inches, and Aberdeens from 10 to 12 inches apart in the rows.

Kohl Rabi, which was sown early last month, should be transplanted by the middle or end of the month. The preparations and manuring should be similar to that for turnips or mangels. The drills less than 28 inches apart, and the plants dibbled in on top of the drill, 18 inches apart from plant. Kohl Rabi is an excellent plant for making up the blanks where they may occur in Swedes and other green crops. The seed also may now be sown in the drills where they are to stand, and be treated in every way similar to the turnip crop.

Cabbages.—Make successional sowings of Nonpareil, large York, Hundred cabbages, and rape, early in the month, for future transplanting, and transplant those sown early in March, as they become fit.

^b John iii. 20-21.

^c Telegraph, Saturday, April 12, 1856.

^d Telegraph, Saturday, April 19, 1856.

^a The British Protestant, No. 89, April 1853.

^e Our readers will find a full account of this remarkable statue 31 Henry VIII., c. 14, in the CATHOLIC LAYMAN, vol. I., p. 121.
^f Du Pin, 3rd ed. Dublin, 1724, p. 231.
^g 1 Tim. i., 15. ^h Matt. xi., 28. ⁱ John vi., 37.